

## WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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[No. 3.]

*For the Lady's Miscellany.***THE ROBBER.**

An interesting narrative, from the pen of a celebrated English writer.

*(In continuation.)*

HE did so; and Theodore coolly replied—"Are you sure, sir, that you deposited the sheets which you mention in your closet? If you did, it is strange that they should not be there; for I think I have heard you say that you never leave the closet unlocked: therefore it appears to me more likely that you should have put the MS. in some other place of security, than that any one should have gone to your closet—a closet that is never open—and therefore must have been forcibly entered, if entered at all."

Mr. Sedley owned that Theodore was likely to be right: but he searched in vain for the MS. and at times his suspicions returned.

But for these suspicions, he would have blessed the day when he took Theodore into his house; for never before had he had such a servant—he tried to anticipate even his very looks—and Mr. Sedley almost forgot that he grappled for life in the murderous grasp of his arms.

One evening Mr. Sedley came home from a visit in the neighbourhood on foot, followed by Theodore. Their way lay across the road where Theodore had

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

attacked him; and Mr. Sedley, shuddering as he passed the spot, looked back to see where Theodore was, and what effect it had on him. He was close behind him, and in evident agitation. At this moment, as Mr. Sedley turned his head round again, he received a violent blow, which felled him to the ground. When he recovered, he found himself in Theodore's arms, who was busily chafing his temples.

But Mr. Sedley started from him with horror, and exclaiming—"Wretch! who gave me the blow?"—he staggered a few paces, and fell down; while Theodore, with clasped hands, and a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, stood motionless, and too much oppressed to speak.

"Here it was," continued Mr. Sedley, "that we first met: and here I have again received a blow."

Theodore now found his voice, and coldly replied, "A blow indeed, and a severe one too; and though I saw your danger, I could not speak time enough to warn you against it."

"Warn me! what mockery is this?"

"It is not a mockery, sir, but the fact."

"The fact is, that I was knocked down."

"True;—but the contusion, if you please to put your hand to your head, is, you will find, on your forehead."

Mr. Sedley put his hand to his head—the contusion was on his forehead.

"This is very strange," observed Mr. Sedley.

"Not at all—you struck your head against the arm of this oak which has been felled, and very improperly suffered to lie here and project over the foot-path."

Mr. Sedley, convinced and ashamed, tried to apologize to Theodore for his suspicions.

"Apologize to me for suspecting me! Oh, sir, forbear! I know but too well, that to be liable to suspicion is one of the just punishments of my crime; and punishment enough it is, to be deemed by my preserver and benefactor capable of attempting his life."

As he said this, his tone was so affecting, and so full of despondence, that Mr. Sedley was agonized with regret for what he had said; and, taking his hand, exclaimed, "You may forgive me, Theodore, but I know not when I shall forgive myself."

When they reached home they found Allen anxiously expecting them, and wondering they were so late.

"We have come very slowly," said Mr. Sedley, "for I have been knocked down."

"Knocked down!" cried Allen, fixing his eyes suspiciously on Theodore.



Theodore turned pale; but it was with indignation. "Yes," replied Mr. Sedley, "I have had a violent blow indeed."

But you would go with only ———," returned Allen, "you will be so fool-hardy."

"Miscreant!" cried Theodore, clenching his fist in his face, and giving him a look terribly ferocious, "I will make you repent of this! Depend on it, I will be revenged!"

So saying he left the room; and Mr. Sedley explained to Allen how he had received the blow; to which explanation Allen, though Theodore's threat had rather alarmed him, listened with a sort of incredulous air, and provoked Mr. Sedley to declare, that he would take him to the very spot to-morrow to show him the tree, and that then he would make him ask Theodore's pardon.

He did so: and Allen with a very sullen air was beginning his apology, when Theodore, with dignity, but without any seeming trace of resentment, interrupted him, and desired him to forbear; saying,—"I was wrong to resent so warmly that I have deserved so justly. You and my kind master must continue to suspect me, and I must bear your suspicions, if I can, with patience."

The next day, Theodore asked leave to go and see his mother, (for whom he had taken a cottage within three miles of Mr. Sedley's seat,) promising to return the day after: but two, three, four days elapsed, and he did not come; and Allen hoped, and, Mr. Sedley feared, that he had absconded. On the evening of the fourth day, however, he returned, and in great agitation entered Mr. Sedley's study, seized his hand, held it to his heart, and faltering out "God for ever bless you!" staggered into a seat, and burst into tears.

"What has happened; what can be the matter?" cried Mr. Sedley.

"My mother is dead! and though I mourn, I rejoice," replied Theodore. "She died blessing me, and calling me the pride and comfort of her life. Oh, sir! but for you I should have had her curses, not her blessings!"

Mr. Sedley could not speak, his heart was too full. He saw the happy parent on her death-bed, blessing that son for his virtues, who but for him, might have expired on a scaffold for his guilt, and have perished, in the prime of youth and activity, for a single crime of which he had bitterly repented: and the cheering glow of conscious benevolence thrilled through his whole frame.

"Now, sir," cried Theodore, rising, "my poor mother's peace is in safety: now, come what may, her heart will never throb with agony for the crimes of her child!"

"But had she lived," said Mr. Sedley kindly, "it might have throbbed with pleasure at the recital of her son's virtues and success in life."

"Never, never!" answered the self-judged Theodore. "What, I! a robber, and a murderer in intention, if not in fact! I have virtues! I have success in life! Impossible! The consciousness that there exist two witnesses of my guilt and shame and that I am daily exposed to be suspected and reproached by them, would palsy all my exertions, and whither all my enjoyments."

"But I will never suspect you again, Theodore; and I never taunted you with your past fault."

"No: you never did; but Allen has taunted me with it, and will taunt me again."

"No—I will forbid it:—and do, dear Theodore, try to forget that there are two persons in existence, who know that for a few moments you were not as virtuous as usual. Do forget it, or I shall fancy that you wish me dead."

"Wish you dead!" answered Theodore: "No—but——"

"But Allen's death, I suspect would not grieve you."

"I should endeavour to grieve for it," gravely replied Theodore, and left the room.

(To be Continued.)

## LOVE.

Love does not awaken in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings which are the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilises. It is so timid and unassuming, that it appears abashed; it is so generous that it resembles friendship.

## WOMAN.

Her elegant and delicate figure charms the eye while it awakens desire, and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated with a sentiment which she cannot define, fills the soul with involuntary perturbation. Tell me what art is capable of embellishing this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with diamonds? Would you load it with parasitical luxury? Oh no: every ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A simple and light robe, complaisantly accommodating itself to her ravishing form, hair turned up with taste, or flowing gracefully; a single rose—and you will behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with which Albani has embellished his lovely compositions.

Nothing tends so much to assuage affliction, as any extraordinary project which occupies the mind, and particularly imposes upon us the necessity of exertion.



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

**TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.**

As late I stray'd o'er yon bleak gloomy plain,  
Where death and silence hold their solemn reign;  
Revolving in my mind man's wretched state,  
His constant sorrows and his wayward fate,  
At once I saw presented to my view,  
The mould'ring graves of those whom late I knew  
'Twas silence all, save where was heard afar,  
The bird of night with echoes pierce the air;  
Save where the zephyr whispering thro' the trees,  
Responsive sigh'd to each returning breeze.  
Now, adding solemn grandeur to the scene,  
The full-orb'd moon arose and alone serene,  
Darting her playful beams along the ground,  
Now o'er the graves, now on the walls around  
Here at this silent, midnight hour, retired,  
Impress'd with dread, with secret awe inspir'd,  
I sought the place where \*\*\*\*\*'s ashes were  
To drop the tear of sacred friendship there.  
He like a flower just springing into bloom,  
That blossoms first, then breaths a sweet perfume,  
Appear'd with all the virtues in his mind;  
His temper mild, his passions all refin'd;  
His looks serene, his actions just and clear,  
His manners open, and his heart sincere;  
But like the flower that blooming fades and dies,  
He fell—and in the grave now mouldering lies:  
Twas here I paus'd the tear of grief to shed,  
And mourn in silence o'er the slumbering dead;  
The tears began to flow at nature's call,  
But reason cried forbear—and cease to fall!  
What though young \*\*\*\*\*'s dear remains have  
found  
So soon their last repose beneath the ground!  
What though beneath this heavy load of clay,  
His features, once inviting, now decay;  
His pleasing form, to all his friends so dear!  
The food of worms, dissolving dust lies here!  
Does this small vault contain the whole,  
And in confinement hold the immortal soul?  
'Tis death that only breaks the captive's chains,  
And frees the soul from sorrow and from pain;  
Divested of its mortal robes of earth,  
It flies to God and claims a nobler birth.  
When we beheld him in his early youth,  
The friend of peace, the advocate of truth,  
Our minds were charm'd; with friendship's  
flame inspir'd,  
We saw, we heard, we lov'd and we admir'd.  
Sweet was the opening of this lovely flower,  
But 'twas, alas! the blossom of an hour;  
Spread forth its leaves, diffus'd its fragrance  
round,  
Then clos'd again—and wither'd to the ground.  
Say ye who knew the youth, and lov'd the friend,

How did your breast with love and joy expand,  
While you with rapture heard his accents flow;  
He sought for truth the world his greatest foe—  
He strove to raise his mind and thoughts above,  
And quit the joys of earth for Heaven's eternal  
love.

His word, even like a stream that winds its  
course  
Along the vale with swift and powerful force.  
His precepts, though resistless, all were mild,  
Pure as his heart, wise, gentle, undefiled:

Such was the youth, and such the friend we  
mourn  
Who in life's early morn has reach'd "that  
bourne  
"From whence no traveller will e'er return."  
But Heaven is just—its sacred will be done,  
And \*\*\*\*\*'s immortality's begun.

*The foregoing was sent us some time since, but  
was inadvertently mislaid. It is, we are informed,  
the production of a young lady. The sentiments  
are honorable to her feelings.*

**DESCRIPTION OF HELL.**

A future state was believed and taught  
among the Danes and Saxons, prior to  
the introduction of Christianity into the  
isle of Britain. They called the place  
of punishment Nistheim, or the abode of  
evil, where Hela dwelt; whose palace  
was anguish; her table, famine; her  
waiters expectation and delay; the thresh-  
hold of her door, precipice; her bed,  
leanness; and her looks, terror.

**CONJUGAL FIDELITY**

Is always greater in proportion as mar-  
riages are more numerous and less diffi-  
cult; but when interest or pride of fa-  
milies, or parental authority, not the in-  
clination of the parties, unites the sexes,  
gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in  
spite of common moralists, who exclaim  
against the effect, whilst they pardon the  
cause.

**SOCIETY.**

MAN is inconsiderable by his single  
exertions: it is only by uniting his efforts

with those of his species, that he produ-  
ces any thing of consequence. The bee  
is a small insect, and the ant still smaller,  
yet by association, they build themselves  
a name and a monument more valuable,  
than the solitary lion is able to boast.

**WOMAN.**

"WOMAN, lovely woman!  
Nature form'd you to temper man—  
We had been brutes without you—  
There's in you all that we desire of heaven!  
Amazing brightness! purity and truth,  
Eternal joy! and everlasting love!"

It is said of very fine gentlemen, and  
very fine ladies, that they are automaton,  
moved by the hands of the femme and  
valet de chambre. That they cannot re-  
tire to rest unaided; and must lie in bed  
till these indispensable assistants appear to  
help them to rise in a morning!!!

"The business of life is to go forward,"  
says Dr. Johnson, "he who sees evil in  
prospect, meets it in his way; but he who  
catches it by retrospection, turns back to  
find it. That which is feared, may some-  
times be avoided, but that which is re-  
gretted to-day, may be regretted to-mor-  
row." We should, to be useful, decid-  
edly condemn the indulgence of brooding  
over circumstances and events, that  
thoughts cannot mend; because it un-  
strings the mind; and that once done,  
it is surprising with what rapidity all its  
peace unravels itself!—and how much it  
loses of the power of judging rightly on  
the mixed condition of human affairs.

How full of exquisite sweetness are  
those tears which flow from a truly noble  
heart, at the hearing of any action or  
conduct, surprisingly great and glorious!

Beauty is the object of liking: great  
qualities of admiration: good ones of es-  
teem: but love only, is the real object of  
love.



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

ON THE PATHOS OF SIR RICHARD

STEELE.

In No. 82 of the Tatler, STEELE has presented us with an interesting little narrative, which cannot fail to command the attention of the reader.

"A young gentleman and lady, of ancient and honourable houses in Cornwall, had, from their childhood, entertained for each other a generous and noble passion which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes: but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion, and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, 'You see how faithful love is rewarded.'

"He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home, every post, fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad: but, at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that business would detain him some time longer from home, because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

"The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the seashore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting

of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet: when, at a distance, her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest, and with a smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it. They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right, but promising, if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then pregnant, provided she might be god-mother. Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. 'Who knows,' said she, 'but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulging parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away: it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whosoever he is, may be decently buried.' She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, 'Oh, my cousin!' and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and her kinswo-

man both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever."

This melancholy catastrophe is one of the number, in which, more than any other consideration, should teach every individual to look forward for a future state, where alone permanent happiness may be found. Man passes here but a small portion of his existence; and the days of his pilgrimage on earth, however great may have been his virtue and his faith, too frequently close in disappointment and distress. In another and a better world the justice and the goodness of the deity will, no doubt, fully unveil themselves; and the lot of those who, though virtuous, have struggled with calamity, exceed our utmost expectations.

AFFECTATION.

From affectation only can the misfortunes, the calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, become ridiculous. Surely he has a very ill framed mind, who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves; nor do I believe any person living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter into a poor house, and behold a wretched family shivering with cold, and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter, at least we must have very diabolical natures if it could. But should we discover there, a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the side-board, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furni-



ture, we might then, indeed, be excused for ridiculing so fantastic an appearance. Much less are *natural imperfections* the objects of derision: but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility, it is there that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

"None are for being what *they are*, in fault,  
But for not being what they would be thought."

The following Hymn, from *CARR'S Northern Summer*, is said to be related over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation; it is beautiful solemn and impressive.

"Oh, what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of sight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body? Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow: the *sleep of error*; the *unavailing labour of imagined existence*: let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee intercede with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence, may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the abodes of the righteous."

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

[The following humorous remarks on the Force of Fashion, are extracted from the Lady's (London) Museum. As they bear the appearance of novelty, they may serve to divert the attention of our fair readers.]

TO enumerate the various fantastical effects which fashion daily produces,

would fill volumes; we continually see it producing the most strange and whimsical revolutions in the dress and manners: I cannot, however, help selecting one from among the numerous novelties which present themselves, to serve as an instance. Taking up a newspaper a short time ago, I was struck with the singularity of one piece of information it contained. At first, indeed, I imagined I had made a mistake; but on rubbing my eyes, and looking again, I found it was even so.—"On such a day," said the newspaper, "the beautiful Lady \*\*\*\*\* the honorable Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* the accomplished Misses \*\*\*\*\* &c. &c. (I have forgot the names,) honored with their presence."—Now will some of my rustic readers, who inhale pure, but unfashionable breezes, far from the refined air of St. James's, expect to hear of Panoramas, Lyceums, or Picture Galleries;—but, no—"that were poor"—The exhibition now destined to be honored with so fair an assemblage, was—the SMITHFIELD CATTLE-SHOW! "Surely," some lady may say, who has not quite forgot what her grandmother taught her, "a very strange kind of exhibition to be attended by such spectators!" If, however, any fair reader would be thought fashionable, I would advise her to discard such notions with all possible dispatch.—'Tis a newly-issued mandate of fashion, and must be obeyed. A modern beau, instead of dangling by his fair mistress in the Park, must now escort her to Smithfield. The dull sameness of what were once considered female avocations, are grown stale and insipid—but a scene composed of such new materials as a *cattle-show*!—such novel associates as butchers and graziers!—amidst such a charming confusion of noise and dirt, must be delightful! In this age of novelty, when "each minute teems a new one," a lady's judgment must no longer be confined to silks and satins, laces and embroideries—she will now find herself more at home in criticising a fat bullock. Nor are we to expect a fashionable can any longer derive pleasure from the infantile prattle she will

find in the nursery—the more melodious gruntings of a prize-hog, to fashionable ears, will be found infinitely more delightful. Objects which it would have been necessary, a little while before, to have been shocked at, must now excite admiration and applause, and be viewed with looks of delight, which many a fond youth might sigh in vain to partake of.

It is curious to observe, how the more modern mandates of fashion, combining with those of a more ancient date, produce a whimsical assimilation of the most opposite traits uniting in the same character, forming a sort of compound of fashionable inconsistencies—a kind of *olla podrida* of customs but half forgotten, and new ones but half adopted. Thus, in conformity with the once-prevailing notions of female weakness and timidity, it is absolutely necessary that a fashionable lady should scream at the sight of a mouse, though she has just been encountering bulls and oxen;—that she protests herself dying with fatigue in going down a country dance, though she has the same day been exhibiting in the newly-thought of female accomplishment, of *skaiting*;—that the gentle undulating of her fan should seem almost too great an exertion for her delicate fingers, which the same morning were managing the whip and reins, in a drive round the ring!

We have had various specimens given us of what might be supposed to occupy the time of a woman of fashion, through the different parts of the day.—Were the avocations of one day now set down, I am inclined to think it would present some things which, in such a connexion, would bear a very novel aspect. Such items as the following, for instance, may serve to give a faint idea of what the greater part would be composed.

"Waked earlier than usual—and Pert telling me it was a hard frost, rose immediately—ordered in Philip to make the tea—after breakfast, tried some of Catgutini's new cantatas on my grand



piano—but it would not do—should soon have been dead of *ennui*. Being a fine fribst, put on my hat, habit, and boots, and ordered my skaits into the barouche for a drive to the Serpentine.—Found several fashionables already there, and ordered Philip to strap them on immediately.—Made some excellent wheels and runs.—It is really an extremely *tonish* amusement, and makes the odious old-fashioned creatures stare so, it is quite delightful!—Made some attempts at turning on the *outer edge*, and was much complimented by the gentlemen present.—A divine fellow, dressed *à la Russe*, astonished all present, and took my fancy prodigiously.—Am dying to know who he could be!

"Left off earlier than I intended, having made an appointment to drive Sir John to the Smithfield cattle-show, and found it a most charming place—So *nouvelle*! and the creatures that were exhibited absolutely astonishing!—Sir John expiated on a South-down weather, which was reckoned quite a prodigy. Mem. Was proved to weigh sixty-five pounds per quarter, to sink the offal.—A small, but remarkably fat, black and white pig, was exhibited, which measured three feet nine inches, from rump to snout! Some of the city folks seemed quite astonished at seeing any of the *beau monde* there; but I really believe I stared at them so, that I put them out of countenance."

Much more of the same cast might be added, but this may serve as a sketch of what now forms a part of the *refined* amusements of some of our ladies of fashion; and if we go on in a progressive degree of improvement, who can tell where our refinements will end? If our ladies, who shine conspicuous in the ranks of elegance and fashion, are anxious to distinguish themselves as adepts in driving and skating, and being reckoned *connoisseurs* at cattle shows, why may not their more refined daughters be found practising the elegant science of pugilism, or presiding at a bull-baiting?

But this is, in fact, a good-natured and accommodating age.—If a thing be but fashionable, no matter how contrary to good sense and propriety—it can give a specious appearance to the most glaring follies, and even vices—for the ears of Fashion must not be shocked by calling even these by their true denomination. A woman may expose herself in public with a painted face and naked bosom, without the least sensation of shame, yet be accounted, by her polite acquaintance, a very *modest* woman! A man may be the betrayer of female innocence, and the father of hapless children, who are crying for bread, while he is rioting in the most luxurious pleasures, yet he is only reckoned rather gay—"he is a gay man," and his company will be sought for with greater avidity for having a charming appendage attached to his character.

But to you, ye gentle fair ones, who can smile at the folly ye have too much good sense to imitate, yet give the ready tribute of a tear to a tale of sorrow—who can encourage, with unaffected sweetness, the well-meant wish to amuse, yet listen with calm indifference, to the fulsome flattery of fools—to you I dedicate my simple productions—if you will accept them. I please myself with thinking, that those who lose the loveliness of the sex in a blind obedience to folly, are but as fools to shew you off to the greater advantage; and if any of my remarks have tended to make them appear in a less amiable light, it was but to make the feminine beauty and modesty which adorn you, shine with augmented lustre.

HENRICUS.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15.

To note the passing tidings of the times

Paris, Sept. 9.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte arrived on Sunday at St. Cloud, after his long cruise. His Majesty immediately presented him with the Great Ribbon of the legion of Honor.

Sept. 17.—The general opinion here is, that War is unavoidable. They speak of the departure of the Emperor, as an event not very distant. Lord Lauderdale is still here. Frequent Couriers pass between this and Holland; and it is believed she will be called upon to take a considerable part in the war, which now threatens all Europe.

The Emperor of Russia, has refused to ratify the treaty of M. D'Oubril, in consequence of which, France, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and the confederation of the Rhine, are actively employed in measures for a renewal of hostilities, with a vigour, perhaps unprecedented even in the annals of modern warfare.

Nor is Austria an idle looker on. The force she maintains, of which the Archduke Charles is generalissimo, is composed of 8 field marshals, 31 generals of cavalry, 117 lieutenant-generals, 272 major-generals, 64 regiments of infantry of the line, 56 other regiments of different descriptions, besides corps of bombardiers, miners, &c.

All the corps of the national army of Holland have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march to the camp at Zeist, at a moment's notice.

Recruiting is vigorously carried on in all the provinces of Bavaria.

The camp at Meudon had not broke up on the 25th of September. Such a measure was expected to take place daily; and it is given, as a report, in one of our Paris papers, that the soldiers who compose this camp, received on the 17th, leave of absence for the last time, previous to their marching towards Germany. The regiments of foot composing the Emperor's body guard, had left Paris in light waggons for the Rhine, where an immense army was assembling, and it was expected would reach that river in a few days. Their post at the palace of the Thuilleries, was filled by the dragons of the Empress.



A Paris paper says—Hayden, the great musician, died about the first of Sept.

Jerome Bonaparte had been declared a Prince, and decorated by his Imperial Majesty, with the grand eagle of the legion of honor. Jerome is now styled, *His Imperial Highness!*

Accounts have been received in London, of a most terrible accident having happened at Malta. On the 18th of July (some of the letters say the 15th) a magazine, containing nearly 400 barrels of gunpowder and a number of shells, grenades, and other combustibles, blew up, and caused incredible mischief. Upwards of 1400 inhabitants are reported to have been killed, or dreadfully mangled, a number of houses were destroyed, and some damage done to the ships in the harbour. *M. A.*

Mr. Fox left no will, and very little property. The last words he uttered were addressed to his wife—"I die happy; but I pity you."

Washington, Nov. 3.

The hon. David M. Erskine, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majesty to the United States, was on Monday received by the Secretary of State, and by him presented to the President of the United States.

On the same day, Anthony Merry, Esq. late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, from the same court, took leave of the President.

"As the eye  
Bears witness to the light, or the charm'd ear  
To tuneful indulation; so their hearts  
Strike union to the great law of love."

#### MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Harris, John Wilkes, Esq. to Mrs. Mary Rogers, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening the 5th inst. by the reverend Dr. Abel, Mr. John Markland of Philadelphia, to Miss Sophia Bicker, daughter of the late Col. Bicker, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the reverend Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Charles McChane, to Miss Ann Murphy, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the reverend John Williams, Mr. Thomas Hewit, merchant, to Mrs. Burges, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Samuel Seaman, merchant, of the house of Seaman and Harrington, to Miss Maria Conklin, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the reverend Dr. Rodgers, Capt. John Spratt, to Miss Sarah Miller, both of this city.

On Monday evening, at Greenwich, by the rev. Dr. Abel, Dr. Andrew Hunt, to Mrs. Hawley.

At Flushing, on Saturday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Clark, Mr. Guddon Corning, merchant of Troy, to Miss Arabella Cornell, of the former place.

At Middletown, (Conn.) on Monday evening the 3d inst. by the rev. Mr. Huntingdon, Mr. Campyion Tucker, of this city, to Miss Mary Darrow, of the former place.

....."all, that live, must die;  
passing through nature to eternity"

#### DIED,

On Thursday morning, after a lingering illness Mr. Richard Williamson, of this city, grocer.

On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. Jones, of the theatre.

At New-London, on Saturday last, David Mumford, Esq. a truly virtuous and honest man.

On the 31st October, Mr. John Midwinter.—During the most severe illness, he expressed, to his relatives and friends, that calmness and resignation which characterise the man whose hope is fixed on "another and a better world."

This day is published, price 37 cents,  
A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,  
Which may be bought or read  
AT OSBORN'S BOOK-STORE, LIBRARY  
AND READING-ROOM,

No. 13, Park;  
Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes, of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages; among which will be found many rare and curious Books in no other collection in America.

(Every New Work of merit (excepting those only which are strictly professional) whether of European, or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading-room as soon as it can be obtained. Nov. 8.

#### CISTERN,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN, No. 15, Catharine-street, near the watch house. Nov. 1. 4c

#### PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluations, Catarrhs, and all Phthisically complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disagrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, clears all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. Nov. 8.

#### CIRCASSIAN LOTION, FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip.

#### BOOK-BINDING.

Sets of the Weekly Visitor, and Book-Binding generally, neatly performed by John Thompson, 149 Pearl street. Nov. 8.

#### FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. BARRIAM,

No. 103, Maiden Lane,

Has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool an elegant and fashionable assortment of Japanned and brass Fenders, and by former arrivals, a handsome assortment of oval and black ground Tea trays, tea urns, plate warmers, plated goods, ivory and other knives and forks, satin wood tea caddies, black-tin dish covers, and all other articles suitable for housekeeping in the hard ware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or on credit.

A fashionable assortment of andirons, shovels and tongs, jaw hooks, brass-soled bellows, and hearth brushes, always on hand. Oct. 8.





*For the Lady's Miscellany*

*(Selected.)*

### THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

LOUD howl'd the tempest of a winter's night,  
And dying lamps dispens'd a twinkling light;  
No friendly star illum'd the vault of Heav'n,  
But o'er its face big clouds were widely driven;  
Mute silence reign'd in each deserted street,  
Save where the rushing blast, or pelting sleet  
Was heard to whistle, or to rudely beat.  
'Twas then that on a flinty step reclin'd,  
To all the power of wretchedness resign'd,  
Grief on her cheek, and famine in her eye,  
A child of misery was seen to lie.  
Rough blew the wind around her shivering form,  
Lost were her sighs amid the rattling storm;  
Uncover'd was her bosom, once so fair,  
Now the cold residence of dark despair.  
Loose down her back her matted tresses lay,  
Those lovely locks once dress'd in colours gay;  
Damp were her temples with the dews of death,  
And slowly drawn her thick and struggling breath.  
Life's quivering taper hastens to an end;  
On death she calls to her a welcome friend.  
I mark'd the closing of her stormy day,  
I saw her ling'ring graces steal away,  
Heard the last accents tremble on her lips,  
While nature sigh'd at beauty's dire eclipse.  
Oh! lovely rose! once fairer than the Morn,  
Gay as the mead that Spring's green hands adorn,  
Sweet as the western gale that gently flows,  
Kissing the budding fragrance as he goes;  
Pure as the gems that deck the primrose-vale,  
Soft as the warbling of the nightingale!  
Awhile thy graces brightly glow, but soon  
The envious night comes o'er thy beauty's noon.

Where is thy lightning Oh avenging Power!  
Whose piercing glance beheld that midnight hour?  
Who heard'st her fault'ring prayer, her parting  
sigh,  
Who saw life's mantling hues untimely fly!  
Why breaths the wretch that cropt this opening  
flower?

Why does the sun on him his radiance pour?  
Why smiles his gay career of love and mirth  
While Mary's faded form lies low in earth?  
Fresh as the blush that tints the morning sky  
Did Mary's charms first catch his trait'rous eye:  
Soon did he captive hold her willing soul,  
Soon o'er her breast the soft delirium stole;  
How could she doubt his fond insidious smile?  
How trace the doublings of each artful wile?  
Ah! could she dream that heart would truth  
disown,

That fondly swore to love but her alone?  
Oft in his eye the tear would seem to swell,  
Oft from his lips truth's modest accents fell;  
Why did not frowning Heaven with instant death  
Wither the lip, and close the treach'rous breath?  
For this thy Fame's fair sun was sunk in night,  
For this thy virtues felt an early blight;  
For this thou met'st the world's proud mockery,  
And bitter language of the taunting eye!  
This robb'd thy polish'd cheek of summer's  
bloom,

And sunk thy youth's fair honours to the tomb;  
Blasted the promise of thy graceful form,  
And gave thy beauties to the midnight storm.  
But oh! thou false-one! justice will arrive;  
O'er wreck of worlds thy treachery will survive;  
See where it burns on heaven's wide chronicle,  
See where thy vows the flaming pages fill!  
Though pleasure hail thee with her laughing eyes,  
Soon will thy crimes in direful judgment rise.  
Even now when frolic joys thy steps attend,  
While sparkling energies their transports lend,  
Does not fell conscience with its sting advance,  
And give the future to thy shuddering glance?  
At dead of night thy Mary's form appears,  
Her thrilling voice thy startled fancy hears;  
Oft in the moon's pale gleam her spectre glides;  
Among the billowy clouds she swiftly rides;  
Majestic frowning midst the raving storm,  
Thou heard'st her voice, thou view'st her angel-  
form:  
Soon shall life's idle visions fade away,  
And on thy soul will burst the judgment-day.

### STANZAS.

Why am I not the new-blown flow'r,  
That decks my fair Eliza's breast:  
For though it live but one short hour,  
Who would not die to be so blest.

Why am I not the gentle breeze  
That softly gliding o'er her face,  
Is sure my charming fair to please,  
And to her colour add such grace.

Why am I not that plaintive bird,  
Whose songs afford her such delight?

That while his thrilling note is heard,  
She thinks not of approaching night.

Why am I not that limpid wave,  
In which each cheerful summer day:  
Her lovely form she's wont to lave,  
And like a sportive Naiad play.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### SELECTIONS.

EXTREME old age is childhood, *extreme* wis-  
dom is ignorance; for so it may be called, since  
the man, whom the oracle pronounced the wisest  
of men, professed that he knew nothing. To  
proceed; push a coward to the *extreme*, and he  
will show courage: oppress a man to the last,  
and he will rise above oppression.

ALAS! for us! the wisest and most prudent  
of us are ill qualified to guess what will ensure our  
own felicity. How many times does the attain-  
ment of our wishes destroy the object which they  
ardently strove to secure! a lesson (which, were  
it possible for us to profit by experience) would  
teach us moderation in our pursuits, and submis-  
sion to the will of "our Father in heaven," who  
so often renders crosses and disappointments,  
blessings.

WHAT a strange, but what a forcible compa-  
rison, is that of good old Bishop Taylor, when  
speaking of men who have deferred settling their  
account with heaven and their own consciences,  
till they are on the point of departure from this  
world, he says, "it will be as bad as contending  
with a bull in a closet."

PERHAPS nothing can exceed, in justice, truth;  
or amiableness, the following sentiment of Lady  
M. W. Montagu. "The small portion of au-  
thority that has fallen to my share, only over a  
few children and servants, has always been a bur-  
then, rather than a pleasure. I believe every one  
finds it so who acts from a maxim, I think an in-  
dispensable duty, that whoever is under my pow-  
er, is under my protection."

### TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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able half yearly. No subscription received  
for a less term than one year.  
To those who receive them by mail, two dol-  
lars, payable in advance.

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